

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at Salem, Columbian Co., Ohio, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by BENJ. S. and J. E. ELIZABETH JONES; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No Union with Slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an abolitionist can occupy, and as the best means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet and is furnished to subscribers on the following

TERMS.

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We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All others to the Publishing Agent, JAMES BARNARD.

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Remarks of Parker Pillsbury,

On the report of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

I have been listening in common with the rest of the congregation to the remarks of Mr. Brown, and it seems to me that we ought to ascribe great weight to the testimony of a fugitive slave on all subjects connected with this question.

This charge of denunciation, of which we have heard this morning, is a favorite way of finding fault with the anti-slavery movement, and as our opponents seem determined to find fault, I think it will not be easy for us to suit them. Mr. McKim was right in saying that it was not so much our words that excited their opposition, as the assurance they had that these words would be followed by action. It was said for John Wesley and Dr. Edwards to denounce slavery, because there was no back ground of anti-slavery sentiment in the community to sustain and carry out the severe language which was used. But now, when our opponents hear our denunciations, they fear them on account of the action which is shortly to follow. It seems to me that our friend Mr. Earle made a slight mistake when he said that the denunciations of the abolitionists from 1830 to 37 were the cause of a retrograde movement in the anti-slavery enterprise, because Mr. Foster the prince of denunciators, who taught Garrison himself to denounce, did not appear on the anti-slavery platform till 1838. If I were going to mark out any period as a period of denunciation, it would be when he entered the field, and I know of no time when the cause made greater progress. There may be denunciation in other branches of reform without this fault finding. I have heard temperance lecturers denounce sellers of rum as severely as we can the slaveholder, but no notice is taken of it. Abolitionists do not denounce beyond other men. They are the mildest men that come before an audience, considering what they have to speak. There are some whose language falls so far short of reaching the subject as the abolitionists. I would to God that the English language had words with which to describe slavery. I am ashamed of its poverty. I wish that when we imported slavery, we might have imported some of the walling of perdition with which to describe the condition of the slave. Who is there to denounce the slaveholder's whip, every cord of which is a thunderbolt armed with terrible torture to the poor sufferer. Yet when we describe scenes of this

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character we must mince our words and call our rhetoric and chariot our spirit, and the coining of the gentlest sucking dove must be our utterance, and not the shrieks and wails that come up from every southern plantation. How dainty are the people's ears. When William Brown tells you of his brothers and sisters in bondage, and that he will carry to the grave the impress of the slave driver's whip, you ask him to curb his rhetoric and speak to you mildly. It is time the people had ceased to prate about denunciation. Let our words be the outpourings of our hearts, and if we have no such words let us be silent.

Much is said in the report about the recent free soil movement in the slaveholding states, and I fear that more importance is attached to it than it really deserves. Though I look upon it as one of the natural results of the anti-slavery enterprise, I do not consider it an anti-slavery instrumentality.

I have seen the anti-slavery principle in six trials; but we were never in more jeopardy than now.

I feared not when the billows of persecution and the storms of violence beat against it, for I knew that it stood like a rock in mid ocean, around and against which the billows of ages have been dashing in fury, and from which they retire baffled and spent, but now, when the sunshine greets it with its smiles, there is reason for fear. The anti-slavery agitation is gradually changing, and this free soil movement is one of the most important developments; but if we are grounded on the rock of ages, if we hold in our hands the only certain sovereign remedy of the evil, we will not regard this movement as auxiliary. This party professes to be opposed only to the extension of slavery. It pledges its support of the compromises of the constitution, and acknowledges its allegiance to this nation. This nation has proved itself a nation of pirates. By the treaty of 1814, it stigmatizes the foreign slave-trade as piracy, and still it maintains the domestic slave trade. Which is the worst to transport the degraded and uncivilized inhabitants of Congo to our shores, or to sell the children of our own land, to baptize with their tears and blood the soil which they till by day, and to pander to the damned lust of the master or overseer by night. And this party has gathered some of the political elements around it, not for the arrest of this most unmitigated curse that ever scourged our race, but only to set limits beyond which it shall not go. I know there are many honest men engaged in this movement. God forbid that I should say anything to repress the rising tendencies of the age. If they break out in the free soil agitation, let them come. If that is to be the abscissa by which the purification of that system where now is moral depravity, and bring forth life where now is death, let it be so.

There is a total destitution of moral principle in this country. Nothing is done because it is right, or left undone because it is wrong. It is right to steal, to make slaves to kill, if it is only done according to rule.

In fact it is almost the only ground of eligibility to office, whether you want to get into the penitentiary or the presidential chair. It constitutes a claim to church-fellowship, for while the churches expel an abolitionist, they admit a slaveholder to the communion table, or into the pulpit. There is no conscience, no moral distinction in the community. If I kill a man who has wronged me, I am hung for it, if, in obedience to the orders of James K. Polk, I go to Monterey and kill those who never did anything but love me, I am rewarded with the highest honors.

There is no real regard for the Sabbath. Why if you will look at the almanac, you will find that most of the battles fought in Mexico were fought on that day. When Gen. Taylor returned, the military of New Orleans were ordered out to receive him, though it was Sunday. But if we deliver anti-slavery lectures on that day, the church denounces us as Sabbath breakers.

I say again, this nation has no conscience, and what the anti-slavery movement is to do is to create this conscience, though in the language of the poet, it is, to "create a soul beneath the ribs of death." But there is a little band who maintain their principles to the death. You know not what you ask, when you ask them to leave the stand they have taken. You had better take your shoes from your feet and come and stand with them. If there is salvation for this land, it will be through the instrumentality of this band, which stand firm amidst the yielding, faithful amidst the faithless, undaunted amidst an age of cowardice, uncorrupted where conscience sleeps forever. There may be some who cannot penetrate the veil spread before the face of the Omnipotent, who are saying as did the prophet of old, "It is better for me to die than to live;" but let them be schooled as was the prophet, by the words, "Fear not—for I have reserved to myself seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal, nor kissed his image."

I hope we shall pledge ourselves anew, calling upon Him in whom is our strength; and with our hearts full of love for the slave, let us devote ourselves to the cause of bleeding humanity, never to relax our exertions until victory shall crown our efforts, or death shall release us from them.

The Free Soil Movement.

In enumerating the various evidences of our advancement, we have alluded particularly to the recent disruption of the old political parties and the incipient formation of a new one, based partially on the anti-slavery principle, and in speaking of this we have expressed ourselves in terms of sanguine expectation. The facts in the case we believe will justify a good degree of hope, but this hope should be qualified by no inconsiderable apprehension. A political party in any country, no matter how elevated may be its object, needs to be watched with great care; in this country, such a party, based, as it must be under our present bond of Union, on

fraud and injustice, needs to be watched with especial jealousy. It must be essentially corrupt from its origin, and therefore especially liable to perversion. In the present case, the party, coming into popular favor gives its consent to the existence of slavery with all its horrors within its present State limits; it only professes to be opposed to its further extension. Our hopes are that it will perform more than it promises; that it will not only resist the extension; but advocate the extinction of slavery. These hopes, however, may be disappointed. Sudden accessions to popular favor, with all its temptations, may check their energetic impulses, and change back the half formed purposes of those who have now the control of this movement, or may introduce into its direction others, actuated from the beginning, by no other motives than a desire for their own aggrandizement. In such a case, it is easy to conceive that this new party might become one of the most powerful conservators of the evil it was hoped it would cure, and the deadliest foe of those who are laboring for its abolition. Such a result would not be without abundant precedent in the annals of political history.

While, therefore, abolitionists rejoice in the present uprising of the North, and hope much from the resistance it will offer to the usurpations of slavery, let not their hopes be too confident, or their rejoicings unmixed with apprehension. And above all, let no one be carried away from his principles by the current of this popular movement. Now, as much as ever, do we need to stand by our principles; now, more than ever, do we see the wisdom of their adoption. They are not only just in themselves, but their maintenance is in the highest degree, expedient. Those who are now skeptical, to have been the salvation of the Anti-Slavery cause. Nothing but a deep conviction of the unrighteousness of the Federal compact, and the guilt of giving it their support, can be relied on to keep abolitionists in times of high political excitement, when an opportunity is afforded of gaining an apparent advantage to the cause, from being swept completely from their moorings, and lost in the vortex. The probability now is, that those who separated from us eight years ago, and embodied themselves in a political party for the promotion of the cause, will in their organic capacity, in a few months, and perhaps in a few days, be swept from existence, and not have even a name to live. If we had listened to their persuasions, or were now to adopt the same policy, the anti-slavery movement as a distinctive organization, would cease to have being, and the hopes of the slave be doomed to an indefinite postponement. Let us not be too impatient for the final consummation. It will come as soon as the people are prepared for it; no sooner. In the meantime our duty—our mission, is plain: it is to abide by our principles, and rejecting all political contrivances and temporary expedients, to labor on in the steady use of our well approved moral means, till the public mind shall become saturated with anti-slavery truth, and public sentiment completely revolutionized. Then the day will be at hand—and not till then, when the people of the North shall be released from the guilt of supporting slavery, and the bondmen of the South delivered from its chains.—*Report of Pa. A. S. Society.*

Reasons.

The following from the Boston Whig, is well adapted to any meridian north of Slavery.

Some Reasons why the Whigs of Massachusetts should vote for General Taylor, with thirty-eight Proofs of the same.

1. Because he is a Whig.

Proofs.—1st. He refuses to declare himself in favor of a single Whig doctrine.

2d. He accepts the nominations of Locofocos and Native Americans.

3d. He says he will not be the exponent of the principles of any party.

4th. Like John Tyler, he says he is a Whig.

5th. He was nominated by a Convention which voted down Whig principles.

6th. Because South Carolina is satisfied that he is a staunch Whig, and will go for him en masse, under the lead of that illustrious Whig, John C. Calhoun.

7th. Because a citizen of Boston has a letter in his pocket from General Taylor, which he dare not read to the voters of Massachusetts.

8th. Because he was first nominated for President in Mexico, by that thorough-going, out and out Whig, General Cuthbert, Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

9th. Because he says he was bred in the political school of Jefferson, and highly approved of the election of Jackson.

II. Because he is a Peace Candidate.

Proofs.—1st. His friend is not that of War.

2d. His bosom friends are not military men.

3d. His whole life has not been spent voluntarily among the license of camps, and the carnage of battle.

4th. His sense of honor will not allow him to engage in an unjust war.

5th. Rather than be a tool of Mr. Polk's bloody policy in the infamous war with Mexico, he indignantly threw up his commission and returned home.

6th. He has not made his fortune by war.

7th. He is not a military hero.

8th. His claims to the Presidency of the United States did not spring from his great success in killing people.

9th. His supporters do not worship his spandrels, nor bow down to his buttons.

10th. The military are all opposed to him.

11th. His humanity revolts from using bloodhounds in war, in any way, either to hunt up his enemies or to "worry" them.

12th. His election will bring the trade of blood into disrepute, and encourage our young men to seek glory only in the white-robed arts of peace.

13th. He is eminently a type of the unwarlike spirit of Christianity, and a shining exponent of the principles of the Prince of Peace.

III. Because he is the candidate of Freedom, and his life and expressed opinions on the momentous subject of slavery, represent the ideas of the Whigs of Massachusetts.

Proofs.—1st. The slave States are all against him.

2d. South Carolina will have nothing to do with him. Alabama is not electioneering for him with all her might.

3d. He is not a slaveholder.

4th. He is not a slave-trader.

5th. He never whipped a woman, nor sold a child.

6th. He is not a slave-breeder.

7th. He has not invested \$10,000 in human flesh within two years.

8th. His whole life tends to show his abhorrence of slavery in all its forms.

9th. Every body where he comes from is against the extension of slavery, and in the absence of direct proof we are to take for granted that a Louisiana cotton planter holds Massachusetts opinions on the subject of slavery.

10th. He is the advocate of Free Labor and Free Soil.

11th. The Convention which nominated him did not abandon the Wilnot Provision.

12th. He frankly proclaims his detestation of African slavery, and his determination not to extend it.

13th. He is not afraid to tell the Free States his views on the question of slavery annexation, and has answered all the inquiries which have been made to him on that transcendent issue.

14th. His Allison letter defines his position on the Wilnot Provision.

15th. John Quincy Adams (if alive) would not oppose his election.

16th. He is a John Quincy Adams Whig, and not a John C. Calhoun Whig.

17th. He is an exponent of the Massachusetts doctrine of popular liberty and equal rights, and a consistent and glorious opposer of the aggressions of the Slave Power.

From the Urbana Citizen & Gazette.

The Free soil Movement not Abolitionism.

J. SUTTON, Esq.—SIR: We noticed in the Citizen and Gazette of August 5th, a paper published by you in this place, and of which you are Editor and proprietor; that you make a call upon some of your Free Soil, Abolition friends, (as you are pleased to style them) for information, whether they subscribe to the sentiments, expressed in the following paragraph, which you allege to be copied from the Anti-Slavery Bugle; which you say, is a Free Soil paper, published at Salem, Columbia county, Ohio. If we do not, you think it is time we should pause and reflect. The alleged paragraph, as we find it copied in your paper, is as follows:

"The Constitution does not deserve a mending—no honest man ought to touch it, nor can he without being defiled. It is a far greater tyrant than was Louis Philippe, and if the men of France were justified in overturning the throne by violence, the men of America would be justified in destroying the Constitution by the same means. It is a hoary headed despot that has ruled over them for seventy years, and it is more than time it was hurled from its place, and the sceptre of its dominion broken. In the name of God and Liberty, down with the Constitution!"

Now sir, we the undersigned, as Committee of the Free Soil and Free Territory Association in the town of Urbana, for ourselves, and in behalf of the Association, feel it to be our duty, as serious and candid men—as men who have "paused and reflected," and mean to act, candidly, honestly, and in all good conscience, to respond to your call, though addressed as Free Soil Abolitionists, while our distinctive character, is that of the Free Soil and Free Territory party; and this we presume is well known to you. Nevertheless, as we presume your call is made upon the party, known as the Free Soil and Free Territory party, while the word Abolitionist, is only tacked on, or dragged in gratuitously, as a kind of slur or species of bankruptcy, for political effect, or because you think to prejudice the minds of those who may not be fully apprised of the principles for which we contend; we will so far as we may be able, briefly and candidly reply as follows:

First, however, to arrest any prejudice that may be entertained against us by your readers, from the fact of seeing the name of Abolition connected with our true name, we say that this question has nothing to do with the merits or demerits of Abolitionism; nor has our party anything to do with the principles of the abolitionists, rather than in common with them and almost the entire North we hold to the prohibition of slavery in the newly acquired territories. On this principle we suppose the Abolitionists will generally vote with us. And we are glad that our views harmonize upon principles of so much importance, and of such vast and abiding interest to the rights of man. But sir, it is idle to harbor for a moment the thought, that one-twentieth part of the Free Soil and Free Territory party ever belonged to the Abolition party. You might with equal propriety call on the Free Soil Democratic Whig party, or even the Free Soil Quaker party, for we expect this highly intelligent class of our fellow citizens will vote with us, upon the broad principle named above. And you will not undertake to deny, that many of the most gifted and purest men of our nation are with us. And we fondly hope that you may live to know, what we firmly believe, that thousands of the good, the virtuous, and the wise of all parties, will vote with us, both for the excellency of our cause and the purity of our principles.

In regard to the paragraph quoted above, we fearlessly and without hesitation declare, so far as we are informed and believe, our party neither countenance, or approve, of any part or parcel of the sentiments or principles therein contained. And in relation to the issues now pending before the people, we place no forced or fancied construction upon the Constitution, but abide by the true intent and meaning as expounded by its framers, and the judicial and presidential constructions put thereon (with the exception of some supposed abuses of the veto power) from the days of Washington to the present time.

Now so far as we are informed and believe, the paper publishing the paragraph to which you allude, does not now nor never did belong to our party, or in any way act as the exponent of our principles. We call upon you, therefore, to abandon the charge so far as the Free Soil and Free Territory party is concerned, or to prove that the newspaper to which you allude, is an organ of, or under the control of said party; or that they are in any way responsible for its publications. And sir, to aid you in your investigations (should you see proper to make any) we would inform you that from the information we have been able to gather on the subject, the paper from which you have quoted, is conducted or controlled by a society called "the Abby Kelly Society" in the town you have named.

D. S. BELL,
W. H. HAPPERSETT,
S. J. BURNETT,
W. HENDERSON,
ASA WHITEHEAD,
Committee.

The Character of Slavery.

The following extract is from a speech delivered by Horace Mann, in the U. S. House of Representatives. The non-publication of our paper week before last, and the space occupied by the proceedings of the annual meeting in the last number, is the reason of its delay.

"Sir, let us analyze this subject, and see if slavery be not the most compact, and concentrated and condensed system of wrong which the depravity of man has ever invented. Slavery is said to have had its origin in war. It is claimed the captor had a right to take the life of his captive; and that if he spared that life he made it his own, and thus acquired a right to control it. I deny the right of the captor to the life of his captive; and even if this right were conceded, I deny the right to the life of the captive's offspring. But this relation between the captor and captive precludes the idea of peace; for no peace can be made where there is no free agency. Peace being precluded, it follows inevitably that the state of war continues. Hence the state of slavery is a state of war; and though active hostilities may have ceased, they are liable to break out, and may rightfully break out at any moment. How long must our fellow-citizens who were enslaved in Algiers, have continued in slavery, before they would have lost the right of escape or of resistance?"

The gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. BOCK), in his speech this morning, put the right of the slaveholder upon a somewhat different ground. He said a man might acquire property in a horse before the existence of civil society, by catching a wild one. And so, he added, one man might acquire property in another man by subduing him to his will. The superior force gave the right, whether to the horse or to the man. Now, if this be so, and if at any time the superior force should change sides, then it follows inevitably that the relation of parties might be rightfully changed by a new appeal to force.

The same gentleman claims bible authority for slavery. He says:—I see slavery there tolerated, I had almost said inculcated. I see such language as this:—Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall you buy bondmen and bondmaids; and ye shall take them for an inheritance for your children after you to inherit them for a possession. &c. Does not the gentleman know that the same authority, at much later period, commanded the Israelitish slaves to depose their Egyptian masters, and to escape from bondage? Surely the latter is the better authority, for it is of subsequent date. If the gentleman's argument is sound, he is bound to advocate a repeal of the act of 1793, the gentleman's argument is sound, the free States, instead of surrendering fugitive slaves to their masters, are bound to give these masters a Red Sea reception and embrace; and the escape of the children of Israel into Canaan is a direct precedent for the underground railroad to Canada.

Both the gentleman from Kentucky (Mr. FARRIS) yesterday, and the gentleman from Virginia to-day, spoke repeatedly, and without the slightest discrimination, of "a slave and a horse," "a slave and a mule," &c.—What should we think, sir, of a teacher for our children, or even a tender of our cattle, who did not recognize the difference between men and mules—between humanity and horse-flesh? What should we think, if on opening a work, claiming to be a scientific treatise on zoology, we should find the author to be ignorant of the difference between biped and quadruped, or between man and birds, or men and fishes. Yet such errors would be trifling compared with those which have been made through all this debate. They would be simple errors in natural history, perhaps harmless; but these are errors—fatal errors in humanity and christian ethics. No, sir; all the legislation of the slave States proves that they do not treat, and cannot treat, a human being as an animal. I will show that they are ever trying to degrade him into an animal, although they can never succeed. This conscious idea that the state of slavery is a state of war—a state in which superior

force keeps inferior forced down—develop and manifests itself perpetually. It exhibits itself in the statute books of the Slave States, prohibiting the education of slaves, making it highly penal to teach them so much as the alphabet, dispersing and punishing all meetings where they come together in quest of knowledge. Look into the statute books of the free States, and you will find law after law, encouragement after encouragement, to secure the diffusion of knowledge. Look into the statute books of the slave States, and you find law after law, penalty after penalty to secure the extinction of knowledge. Who has not read with delight those books which have been written both in England and in this Country, entitled "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," giving biographies of illustrious men, who, by an undaunted and indomitable spirit, had risen from poverty and obscurity to the heights of eminence, and blessed the world with their achievements in literature, in science and in morals? Yet here, in what we call republican America, are fifteen great states, vying with each other to see which will bring the blackest and most impervious wall of ignorance over three of million human beings; nay, which can do most to stretch this pall across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Is not knowledge good? Is it not one of the most precious bounties which the all-bountiful Giver has bestowed upon the human race? Sir John Herschel, possessed of ample wealth his capacious mind stored with the treasures of knowledge, was called by the most learned society in the most cultivated metropolis in the world, as:—If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Yet it is now proposed to colonize the broad regions of the West with millions of our fellow-beings, who shall never be able to read a book or write a word, to whom knowledge shall bring no delight in childhood, no relief in the weary hours of sickness or convalescence, no solace in the decrepitude of age; who shall perceive nothing of the beauties of art, who shall know nothing of the wonders of science, who shall never reach any lofty, intellectual conception of the attributes of their great Creator—deaf to all the hosannas of praise which nature sings to her Maker; blind to this magnificent temple which God has builded.

Sir, it is one of the noblest attributes of man, that he can derive knowledge from his predecessors. We possess the accumulated learning of ages. From ten thousand confluent streams, the river of truth widened and deepened, has come down to us, and it is among our choicest delights that if we can add to its volume, as it rolls on, it will bear a richer freight of blessings to our successors. But it is proposed to annihil this beneficent law of nature, to repel this proffered bounty of Heaven. It is proposed to create a set of men to whom all the lights of experience shall be extinguished; whose hundredth generation shall be as ignorant as its first.

Sir, I hold all voluntary ignorance to be a crime; I hold all enforced ignorance to be a greater crime. Knowledge is essential to all rational enjoyment: it is essential to the full and adequate performance of every duty.—Whoever intercepts knowledge, therefore, on its passage to a human soul, whoever strikes down the hand that is outstretched to grasp it, is guilty of one of the most heinous of offenses. Add to your virtue, knowledge, says the Apostle; but here the command is, be-learned and be-learned by ignorance, whatever virtue you may possess.

Sir, let me justify the earnestness of these expressions, by describing the transition of feeling through which I have lately passed. I came from a community where knowledge ranks next to virtue in the classification of blessings. On the tenth day of April last, the day before I left home for this place, I attended the dedication of a school-house in Boston, which had cost \$70,000. The Mayor presided, and much of the intelligence and worth of the city was present on the occasion. I see by a paper which I have this day received, that another school-house, in the same city, was dedicated on Monday of the present week. It was there stated by the Mayor that the cost of the city school-houses, which had been completed within the last three months, was \$200,000. On Tuesday of this week, a new high school-house, in the city of Cambridge, was dedicated. Mr. Everett, the President of Harvard College, was present, and addressed the assembly in a long, and I need not add, a most beautiful speech. That school-house, with two others to be dedicated within a week, will have cost \$25,000. Last week, in the neighboring city of Charlestown, a new high school-house of a most splendid and costly character, was dedicated by the Mayor and city government, by clergy and laity. But is it not Mayors of cities, and Presidents of colleges alone, that engage in the work of consecrating temples of education to the service of the young. Since I have been here, the Governor of the Commonwealth, Mr. Briggs, went to Newburyport, a distance of forty miles, to attend the dedication of a school-house, which cost \$25,000. On a late occasion, when the same excellent Chief Magistrate travelled forty miles to attend the dedication of a school-house in the country, some speaker congratulated the audience because the Governor of the Commonwealth had come down from the Executive Chair to honor the occasion. "No," said he, "I have come up to the occasion to be honored by it." With in the last year, \$300,000 have been given by individuals to Harvard College. Within a little longer time than this, the other two colleges in the State have received, together, a still larger endowment from individuals as the State.

These measures are part of a great system which we are carrying on for the elevation of the race. Last year the voters of Massachusetts, in their respective towns, voluntarily taxed themselves about a million of dollars for the support of common schools. We have an old law on the statute book, requiring towns to tax themselves for the support of public schools, but the people have long since lost sight of this law in the munificence of their contributions. Massachusetts is now erecting a reform school, for vagrant and exposed children—so many of whom come to us from abroad—which will cost the State more than a hundred thousand dollars. An unknown individual has given \$25,000 towards it. We educate all our deaf and dumb and blind. An appropriation was made by the last legislature to establish a school for idiots, in imitation of those beautiful institu-

tions in Paris, in Switzerland, and in Berlin, where the most revolting and malicious of this deplorable class are tamed into docility, made lovers of order and neatness, and made capable of performing many valuable services. The future teacher of this school is now abroad preparing himself for his work.

A few years ago, Mr. Everett, the present President of Harvard College, then Governor of the Commonwealth, spoke the deep convictions of Massachusetts people, when, in a public address on education, he exhorted the fathers and mothers of Massachusetts in the following words:—"Save," said he, "save, spare, stint, starve, do any thing but starve, to educate your children. And Dr. Howe, the noble-hearted director of the institution for the blind, lately uttered the deepest sentiments of our citizens, when speaking of our duties to the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, and the idiotic, he said:—"The sight of any human being left to brutish ignorance, is always demoralizing to the beholders. There floats not upon the stream of life a wreck of humanity, so utterly shattered and crippled, but that its signals of distress should challenge attention and command assistance."

Sir, it was all glowing and fervid with sentiments like these, that a few weeks ago I entered this House—sentiments transfused into my soul from without, even if I had no vital spark of nobleness to kindle them within. Imagine, then, my strong revulsions of feeling, when the first, elaborate speech I heard, was that of the gentleman from Virginia, proposing to extend ignorance to the uttermost bounds of this republic; to legalize it, to enforce it, to necessitate it, and make it eternal. Since him many others have advocated the same abhorrent doctrine. Not satisfied with dooming a whole race of our fellow beings to mental darkness, impervious and everlasting—not satisfied with drawing this black curtain of ignorance between man and nature, between the human soul and its God, from the Atlantic to the Rio Grande, across half the continent; they desire to increase this race, ten, twenty millions more, and to unfold and extend out this black curtain across the other half of the continent.

When, sir, in halls of legislation, men advocate measures like this, it is no figure of speech to say, that their words are the clanking of multitudinous fetters; each gesture of their arms tears human flesh with ten thousand whips; each exhalation of their breath spreads clouds of moral darkness from horizon to horizon.

Twenty years ago a sharp sensation ran through the nerves of the civilized world at the story of a young man, named Caspar Hauser, found in the city of Nuremberg, in Bavaria. Though sixteen or seventeen years of age, he could not walk nor talk. He heard without understanding; he saw without perceiving; he moved without definite purpose. It was the soul of an infant in the body of an adult. After he had learned to speak, he related that from his earliest recollection, he had always been kept in a hole so small that he could not stretch out his limbs, where he saw no light, heard no sound, nor even witnessed the face of the attendant who brought him his scanty food. For many years, conjecture was rife concerning his history, all Germany was searched to discover his origin. After a long period of fruitless inquiry and speculation, public opinion settled down into the belief that he was the victim of some great, unnatural crime, that he was the heir of some throne, and had been sequestered by ambition; or the inheritor of vast wealth, and had been hidden away by cupidity; or the offspring of criminal indulgence, and had been buried alive to avoid exposure and shame. A German, Von Fenerbach, published an account of Caspar, entitled "The Example of a Crime on the life of a Soul." But why go to Europe to be thrilled with the pathos of a human being shrouded from the light of nature, and cut off from a knowledge of duty and of God? To-day, in this boasted land of liberty, there are three millions of Caspar Hausers; and as if this were not enough, it is proposed to multiply their number ten-fold and to fill up all the Western world with these proofs of human avarice and guilt.

It is proposed that we ourselves should create, and should publish to the world, not one, but untold millions of "Examples of a Crime on the life of a Soul." It is proposed that the self-styled freemen, the self-styled Christians of fifteen great States in this American Union, shall engage in the work of procreating, rearing and selling Caspar Hausers, often from their own loins; and if any further development of soul or of body is allowed to the American victims than was permitted to the Bavarian child, it is only because such a development will increase their market value at the barroom.

It is not from any difference of motive, but only the better to insure that motive's indulgence. The slave child must be allowed to use his limbs, or how could he endure out his life in the service of his master? The slave infant must be taught to walk, or how, under the shadow of this thrice glorious Capital, could he join a coffin for New Orleans?

I know, sir, that it has been said within a short time past, that Caspar Hauser was an impostor, and his story a fiction. Would to God that this could be said of his fellow victims in America.

For another reason slavery is an unspeakable wrong. The slave is debarr'd from testifying against a white man. The courts will not hear him as a witness. By the principles of the common law, if any man suffers violence at the hands of another, he can present his complaint to magistrates, or to the grand juries of the courts, who are bound to give him redress. Hence the law is said to hold up its shield before man for his protection. It surrounds him in the crowded street and the solitary place. It guards his treasures with greater vigilance than locks or iron safes; and against meditated aggression upon himself, his wife, or his children, it fastens his door every night, more accurately than triple bolts of brass. But all these sacred protections are denied to the slave. While subjected to the law of force, he is shut out from the law of right. To suffer injury is his, but never to obtain redress. For personal enemies for stripes that shiver his flesh and blows that break his bones; for robbery or for murder, neither he nor his friends have preventative remedy, or recompense. The father who is a slave, may see his son or daughter scored, mangled or mutilated, ravished, before his eyes, and he must be dumb as a sheep before his shearer. The wife may be dishonored in the presence of the husband, and if he remonstrates or rebels, the miscreant who could burn with the lost, will not burn less fiercely with vengeance to be glutted upon his father.

Suppose suddenly, by some disastrous change in the order of nature, an entire kingdom or community were to be enveloped in total darkness—to have no day, no dawn, but midnight evermore. Into what infinite forms of violence and wrong would the depraved passions of the human heart spring up, when no longer restrained by the light of day, and the dangers of exposure? So far as legal rights are concerned, the slave lives in such a world of darkness. A hundred of his fellows may stand around him and witness the wrong he suffers, but not one of them can appeal to jury, magistrate, or judge, for punishment or redress. The wickedest white man, in a company of slaves bears a charmed life. There is not one of the fell passions that rage in his bosom which he cannot indulge with wantonness, and to satiety, and the court has no ears to hear the complaint of the victim. How dearly does every honorable man prize character? The law denies the slave a character, for, however traduced, legal vindiction is impossible.

And yet infinitely flagrant as the anomaly is, the slave is amenable to the laws of the land for all offences which he may commit, against others, though he is powerless to protect himself by the same law from offences which others may commit against him. He may suffer wrong, and the courts will not hear him to testify; but for the first wrong he does, the courts inflict their severest punishments upon him. This is the reciprocity of the slave law—to be forever liable to be proved guilty, but never able to prove himself innocent; to be subject to all punishments, but through his own oath to no protection. Hear what is said by the highest judicial tribunal of South Carolina. "Although slaves are held to be the absolute property of their owners, yet they have the power of committing crimes." (2d Nott and McCord's Rep. 479.) A negro is so far amenable to the common law, that he may be one of the three to constitute the number necessary to make a riot. (1st Bay's Rep. 358.) By the laws of the same State, a negro may be stolen, and he has no redress, but if he steals a negro from another, he shall be hung. (3d Nott and McCord's Rep. 179.) (An example of this penalty suffered by a slave.) This is the way that slave legislatures and slave judiciaries construe the command of Christ, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, so do ye also the same unto them." Nay, by the laws of some of the slave States, where master and slave are engaged in a joint act, the slave is indictable, while the master is not.

What rights are more sacred or more dear to us than the conjugal and parental? No savage nation, however far removed from civilization, has ever yet been discovered, where these rights were unknown and unhonored. The basis of the forest feel and respect them. It is only in the land of slaves that they are blotted out and annihilated.

Slavery is an unspeakable wrong to the conscience. The word "conscience" conveys a complex idea. It includes conscientiousness; that is, the sentiment or instinct of right and wrong; and intelligence, which is the guide of this sentiment. Conscience, then, implies both the desire or impulse to do right, and also a knowledge of what is right. Nature endows us with the sentiment, but the knowledge we must acquire. Hence we speak of an "enlightened conscience"—meaning thereby not only the moral sense, but that knowledge of circumstances, relations, tendencies and results, which is necessary in order to guide the moral sense to just conclusions. Each of these elements is equally necessary to enable a man to feel right and to act right. Mere knowledge, without the moral sense can take no cognizance of the everlasting distinctions between right and wrong, and so the blind instinct, unguided by knowledge, will be forever at fault in its conclusion. The two were made to co-exist and operate together, by Him who made the human soul. But the impious hand of man divorces these two capacities. Whenever it denies knowledge, if one of these co-ordinate powers in the mental realm be annihilated by the legislature, it may be called law; but it is repugnant to every law and attribute of God. But not satisfied with having invaded the human soul, and annihilated one of its most sacred attributes in the persons of three millions of our fellow men; not satisfied with having killed the conscience as far as it can be killed by human device, and human force, in an entire race; we are now involved in multiplying that race, to extend its regions yet unscathed by its existence, and there to call into being other millions of men, upon whose souls, and upon the souls of whose posterity, the same unholy spoliation shall be committed over.

Slavery is an unspeakable wrong to the religious nature of man. The dearest and most precious of all human rights, is the right of private judgment in matters of religion. I am interested in nothing so much as in the attributes of my Creator; and in the relations which he has established between me and himself, for time and for eternity. To investigate for myself these relations, and their momentous consequences; to search the scriptures; to explore the works of God in the outward and visible universe; to ask counsel of the sages and divines in the ages gone by—these are rights which it would be sacrilege for me to surrender; which is worse sacrilege for any human being, or human government to usurp. Yet by denying education to the slave, you destroy not merely the right, but the power, of personal examination, in regard to all that most nearly concerns the soul's interests. Who so base as not to reverence the mighty champions of religious freedom, in days when the dungeon, the rack and the faggot were the arguments of a government theodolgy? Who does not reverence, I say, Wickliffe, Huss, Luther, and the whole army of martyrs, whose blood reddened the axes of English intolerance? Yet it was only for the right of private judgment, for this independence of another man's control, in religious concerns, that the God-like champions of religious liberty perilled themselves, and perished. Yet it is this very religious despotism over millions of men, which it is now proposed, not to destroy, but to create. It is proposed not to break old fetters and cast them away, but to forge new ones, and rivet them on. Sir, on the continent of Europe, and in the Tower of London, I have seen the axes, the chains, and other horrid implements of death, by which the great defenders of freedom for the soul were brought to their final doom; by which political and religious liberty was cloven down; but fairer and lovelier to the view were axes and chains, and all the ghastly implements of death, ever invented by religious bigotry, or civil des-

potism, to wring and torture freedom out of the soul of man—fairer and lovelier were they all, than the parchment roll of this House, on which shall be inscribed a law for profaning one additional foot of American soil with the curse of slavery.

COMMUNICATIONS.

COLUMBIANA, August 23d, 1848.

To the Editors of the Bugle.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am now in the Big Tent, in this pretty village. A joiner's work bench is our platform, on which I am writing. Before me is an assembly of warm-hearted men and women assembled from the village and country around to mingle their sympathies in behalf of the American slave, and to devise ways and means for his deliverance. C. C. Burleigh is addressing them on the pro-slavery compromise of the Constitution, and on the present position of the great political parties, and offered the following pamphlet and resolution, which have been passed by the convention without one dissenting voice.

Whereas, the following are self-evident truths: i. e. that slaveholders, as such, have no claim to the affection, respect, or labor of their slaves; that slaves, as such, owe no respect or obedience to their masters; that it is the right of the slave to run away from those who claim them as property; that it is the duty of every man to aid slaves to escape from their oppressors; and, as they have opportunity, to teach them to know and assert their rights, to excite in them a spirit of dissatisfaction with their imbruted condition, and to kindle in them a desire and a determination to be free.

And whereas, the American Church and clergy have brought in the Bible, and the American politicians have framed constitutions and laws to sanction and sustain slavery; therefore,

Resolved, That if the Bible sanctions the relation of master and slave; if it asserts that slaveholders have any right to the obedience and labor of their slaves, or that slaves owe obedience or service to their masters; if it says that slaves have no right to run away from slavery, or that it is wrong to excite them to do so, and to aid them to do so; if the Bible teaches that a God of justice and goodness ever authorized the existence of slavery in any age or nation of the world, then the BIBLE IS A SELF-EVIDENT FAKE, because it is opposed to the self-evident truth that "God made all men free;" and it is not to be received as a revelation from a just and righteous God, but is to be rejected as the ally of theft, robbery, concubinage and murder, and the foe of human kind.

The question at issue is not, whether the Bible does, or does not, sanction slavery. The right or wrong of slavery cannot be affected by any thing the Bible says. The question at issue is, if the Bible sanctions slavery, is the Bible allie, or is slavery right? It matters not what the Bible says, so far as the right or wrong of slavery is concerned. This question is not left to the uncertainty of the meaning of a book; God has settled it by an argument above and beyond all books, all decisions of churches, priesthoods, governments, creeds or Bibles. He has given to man the same argument in favor of his liberty, as in favor of his existence, and our belief in our right to freedom can no more be increased nor diminished by the Bible, than our belief in our own existence can be affected by that book. That I exist, is no more a self-evident truth, than the fact that God made me free. If the Bible teaches that slavery is right, the Bible, instead of proving slavery to be right, proves itself to be wrong; instead of proving slavery to be from God, it proves itself to be of diabolical origin. Abolitionists should fall back upon the testimony of God in their souls—upon self-evident truth—for proof of the innate wrong and villainy of slavery, and cease, as abolitionists, to trouble themselves about the meaning of the Bible; for the Bible can prove nothing for or against slavery, for we have a higher and more unmistakable evidence of the right of every man to freedom. Slavery must be abolished by uttering self-evident truths, and not by an argument about the meaning of Bible texts. Whenever, therefore, pro-slavery clergy and churches quote the Bible in favor of slavery, let abolitionists look them in the face and say, *If your Bible sanctions slavery, it is a self-evident lie, because it is opposed to the self-evident truth that God made all men free.*

The following resolution has been warmly debated, and passed with only four or five against it:

Resolved, That duty to God and man demands that we spurn with abhorrence, all laws and constitutions, all decrees of courts, and all governments, which sanction and sustain slavery, by requiring us to return fugitive slaves, to put down servile insurrections by force of arms, or to tolerate slavery in any part of the world.

The only objection to this was based on the idea that if they voted for the resolution, they could not vote for Van Buren. "Does the crisis demand that you should sustain slavery or any thing that sanctions it?" "No," was the answer. "Does voting under the Constitution sustain slavery in the States where it now exists?" "It does," answered the opponent. "Then the crisis does not demand that you should vote for Van Buren in any case." The question at issue is, "Is it right to vote under the Constitution at all?" Of the political parties, the Free Soil party is far ahead of the other two, but their platform is a falsehood. One of its fundamental principles is that the Federal Government is not responsible for the existence of slavery in the States where it now exists; and therefore the party has no right to do with it there. Indeed the party is pledged,

virtually, not only not to touch slavery in the States where it now is, but are pledged to sustain it there, for they are bound to sustain the pro-slavery Constitution. Then again, there is a falsehood in the name of the party—"FREE SOIL PARTY." It is not a free soil party, for they will not disturb slavery in the one million square miles where it now exists. It should be called, "Non-Extension Party." There has been much stir in the meeting about this resolution. I am sorry to see any disunionist go down from his high and strong position to the lower platform of the Free Soil party. They lose all their moral power by so doing, and add little strength to the party. Would you help the Free Soil party? Abide by your disunion principles, and in so doing you will do far greater service to that party than you would by joining it, and making yourself a part and parcel of this manstealing confederacy.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

PARKMAN, Aug. 6th, 1848.

FRIENDS, EDITORS.—In relation to the Democratic nomination, the New York Observer holds the following language.

"The democratic convention to nominate a President and a Vice President, has closed its session. The nominees, General Cass and Butler, are men of irreproachable character, and I take occasion to express the gratification which all religious men must feel when such men are put up for office."

It seems to me that the above paragraph is very expressive as showing the standard for an "irreproachable character" which "religious men" have set up in this country and the "gratification" of these same "religious men," that in selecting candidates for civil officers this standard is respected. We have been accused of falsehood—of infidelity and all this, because we used strong terms denunciatory of the church, as a war-loving, and slavery sustaining organization; but I ask now if it is necessary to go to cone-outers for proof of the truth of these positions, is not the "internal evidence" satisfactory. "Out of your own mouths I will condemn you."

Let it be remembered that in thus endorsing the characters of General Cass and Butler the Observer does not speak for himself alone but for all "religious men" i. e. as embodied in the churches of the land, for without are dogs and sorcerers—infidels of course. Now let us see what a man may be and be another thing at the same time, to wit, "irreproachable" in "character" according to the popular religion of the day. Ist. He may be the amplification of dough-facedness—may be slavery's supplest lick-spittle—may oppose the annexation of Texas and then favor it—may favor the Wilmot Proviso and then aver that Congress has no Constitutional power to prohibit slavery in the territories—may betray humanity for the sake of office; all this, and more, he may do. He may be the great war spirit of the day. This is emphatically true of Gen. Cass. To see men engaged in fatal combat, or, at least, to know that they are so engaged, seems to be his highest ambition—his loftiest aspiration—always excepting the White House. How unsparring were his efforts to get the country into a war with England over the Oregon matter! But when it was found that the chance for spreading the national blight in that direction was not so far as in latitudes a little more equatorial, he suddenly tacked about, and raised the war-cry in that direction. Nor was it long till his "irreproachable" efforts, with those of his co., "irreprochables," brought from the fields of Buena Vista, and Vera Cruz, and Monterey to his "irreproachable" ears the charming accents he so much longed for—the notes so consoling to his "irreproachable" soul—the voice of Rachel weeping for her children, who would not be comforted because they are not! But a few brief days since and Almonte, and Ferdinand, and Isidore played so gently at my feet, or read their little primers, and then so sweetly said their little prayers, and kissed me, as they said "good night!" Now, O thou fatal shell! why didst thou not take their mother, too! O agony! O my babes! O Ferdinand, my cherished son!" "My God!" he gasps—he tries to speak!" "Mother!" She caresses him to her breast—has time to plant one kiss on the quivering lips of the dying boy—he is dead!! "IRREPROACHABLE CHARACTER."

"Aim well," says Cass, "those mighty engines of war—see that all take effect." Boom go the hellish engines—the earth trembles—Crash! crash! crash! See there those mansions fall! O, Heavens! what's that! a female's head! List to those maniac cries! They say much of orphan sound. Aye, see the little group as, hovering round that fatal spot, they mourn their parents lost—themselves but orphans now! And how do they recount the merits of those dear parents, and, directing their swollen eyes to the authors of their ruin, as they can spare a breath from expressing the grief that overpowers them, do they lie, "irreproachable!!" No! no! this is left for the religious hypocrites of this cruel and abominably wicked land.

The sin of Indus is that of Gen Cass—innocent blood is on his skirts, and the wailings of orphans and widows are going up to God as a witness of the awful guilt of that man; and yet the organ of a popular religious body comes out, and, for all "religious men," endorses as "irreproachable" his character.

In his Southern letter last winter, Cass stated as one reason of his opposition to the passage of the Wilmot Proviso, the fact that it would have the effect to stop the war; and so in love was he with war, that he would not hazard its discontinuance even by imposing a restriction on slavery. All this the religion of this land endorses as right—endorses war in its most cruel and wicked form. And this is what we have been taught is the religion of Christ—of him who has left us the broad principle that we render not evil for evil, but that we overcome evil with good. When, O when, shall this monstrous doctrine cease to be taught and received as the religion of Christ? When shall we have a religion that seeks to do good to all men—a religion of love, rather than of cruel hate? God speed the day.

Yours against hypocrisy.

E. F. CURTIS.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, SEPTEMBER 1, 1848.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

The Free Soil Movement.

We think no one appreciates more justly than we, the importance of the Free Soil movement. We hail it, not only as the cheering evidence of the beginning of a political regeneration, but receive it as an assurance that the moral principle of the North was not dead, but sleeping.

The aim of the new born party is a good one, and we shall do nothing to hinder or oppose it except so far as the faithful preaching of the duty of secession from the United States government, and the moral obligation of all consistent abolitionists to refuse to be supporters of the American Union, may retard its progress. To those who looked merely upon the surface of society, the spontaneous uprising of the North has been a source of wonder and surprise, an almost miraculous event; and those among them who have been waiting to take advantage of such a movement, desiring rather to be of the hundreds of thousands than of the scarcely noticed hundreds, greatly magnify its importance and see in it a realization of all the abolitionists have hoped for, the fruition of the anti-slavery enterprise. It is as foolish to over-estimate as to under-estimate its importance. The minds and hearts of the people have for many years been gradually prepared for the state of things we now behold—the advocates of anti-slavery truth have been giving line upon line, and precept upon precept, the continual dropping of their doctrine has worn for itself a channel which has gradually grown broader and deeper. The under current thus created—once invisible to the superficial observer—now bursts forth in its strength carrying before it party barriers and destroying party animosities. Yet this development of progress as manifested in the Free Soil movement is not abolitionism, and they greatly err who thus misname it.

It is true, we are assured by the friends of the former Liberty party, that the platform adopted by the 9th of August convention is a Liberty party platform. This may be, and yet it by no means proves the Free Soil movement identical with abolitionism. The Free Soil convention at Buffalo not only constructed a broad platform as did Liberty party at a previous convention there, but a far broader one—incorporating into its confession of faith, principles which the latter rejected as incompatible with their doctrine of one idea. And yet the resolutions of the new party do not embody the leading principles of abolitionism, nor is it necessary for its success that they should; for it is not aiming to abolish slavery, but to restrict it—not to destroy, but to confine. There are doubtless slaveholders in the South who can stand upon the platform of the Free Soil party, embrace every doctrine set forth in the resolutions of its convention, and yet continue their slaveholding practices. And why? Because the distinguishing principles of genuine anti-slavery are not there.

In the early days of abolitionism it was found that many at the South as well as at the North were ready to condemn slavery as a political and moral evil, or as Jefferson expressed it, "a curse to the master, a grievous wrong to the slave," but they contended that under existing circumstances it was a necessary evil, and therefore its continuance no sin. The position taken by the American A. S. Society at the time of its organization, and ever since maintained by it, is this:—Slaveholding is sinful, always sinful, and no possible contingency can make it right; and immediate emancipation is the duty of the master, and the right of the slave. Strange to say, there were some who admitted the sinfulness of slaveholding, but denied the duty of immediate repentance. Such was the state of public opinion, such the feelings of the people that that Society found it necessary to expend the best part of its energies for a long time, in enforcing the doctrine of the inherent sinfulness of slaveholding, and the duty of immediate emancipation. The

establishment of these twin principles were then considered, and rightly considered, essential to the basis of any well directed effort against the system, and all schemes of gradualism were denounced as unjust, cruel, and delusive.

Now we are unable to find in the Free Soil resolutions any thing like a declaration of the sinfulness of slaveholding; the limited opposition of that party to slavery, appears rather to have originated in a desire to maintain the rights and interests of the North, and of free laborers generally, than to have sprung from sympathy with those who wear the fetters. And although in adopting the platform it did, that party affirms the duty of the General government to abolish slavery where it has the power—repudiating, by the way, the Spooner doctrine so recently held, but now so universally abandoned by Liberty party men, by declaring it had no authority to touch it in the States—yet the duty of immediately abolishing it is not once hinted at, and on the principle of gradualism, the time of its overthrow may be half way between now and never. Now we do not wish to be misunderstood; we are not finding fault with the Free Soil convention, we are but stating facts. The positions it assumed were all sufficient for the end it had in view; for while the sinfulness of slaveholding, and the duty of immediately ceasing from it are the foundation principles of all genuine anti-slavery movements, such doctrines were entirely unnecessary in the formation of a non-extension of slavery political party. And while we do not wish ourselves to be misunderstood, neither do we wish the Free Soil movement to be misunderstood, and we apprehend there is great danger of the latter. Some connected with it have already come forward—as will be seen by an article on our first page—to officially deny that it is connected with abolitionism; and we presume they speak the sentiments of very many in the party. If those of its enthusiastic friends who are so blinded by excitement as to mistake fancy for reality, persist in misrepresenting it as an anti-slavery movement—using that phrase in its full meaning—by so doing they may defeat the object the movement is primarily designed to promote.

Some may perchance think it strange that Disunionists regard this movement with any interest, inasmuch as it is one that is to be carried on under the Constitution, and in accordance with its provisions and compromises. The chrysalis must undergo a transformation before the embryo butterfly it contains can spread its wings to the sun. The mass of men must pass through a transition state before they can be prepared to receive the highest truths of anti-slavery; and Disunionists see in the spirit of those who have inscribed Free Soil upon their banner, an evidence of preparation, that will lead them, if they faithfully follow their convictions of right, to burst the fetters which now bind them to the American Union. We are opposed to fighting, but if men will fight, he seems nearer right who fights for freedom than he who fights for slavery. We are opposed to voting under the present constitution, but if men will vote; he who in any way opposes slavery by his vote, seems nearer right than he who designedly casts a ballot in its favor.

But true Christians will not fight, and consistent abolitionists will not vote under the pledges which the act at present involves; therefore will we strive to bring men up to the high standard of right. And it is well for us, and for all abolitionists frequently to recur to the first principles of anti-slavery—the sinfulness of slaveholding, and the duty of immediate emancipation. These were mighty weapons of war in days gone by, and if we neglect to use them now, and to test all movements by them now as we did then, we shall find the life and vigor of the anti-slavery cause will suffer in our hands; and as the inherent sinfulness of chattelism, and the duty of immediately letting the oppressed go free, become to the people half-forgotten abstractions, so shall we find the power of the oppressor increase, and shall see the slave's star of hope again overshadowed.

THE FREE SOIL COMMITTEE AT URBANA. —We have published the disclaimer of this Committee on our first page, though we think such a document would never have appeared had the editor of the "Citizen and Gazette" been content to speak only of those matters with which he was acquainted. If he chooses to retail second-hand insinuations in order to bolster up the declining fortunes of his party, and to speak authoritatively of our position without knowing any thing about it, he must do so, but at the sacrifice of honesty. As to the sentiments quoted in the address of the committee, we re-affirm them, and challenge the committee or the editor to show wherein they are unsound. We however disclaim the inference the editor chooses to draw, for we have never advocated a resort to physical force for the overthrow of the Constitution, believing that such a course would be wrong in principle and unsound in policy. Our object, and the object, right of the Free Soil, but the Disunion party, is to destroy it by moral means—those means which are mighty through God to the pulling down of the strong holds of oppression. Has the editor of the "Citizen and Gazette" never before heard of Disunionists? Has he been sleeping?

JOHN P. HALE has formally withdrawn from the Presidential course.

The Prisoners of the Pearl.

The present aspect of the trial of these three men, prisoners to slavery, may thus be briefly stated. DRAYTON, who was first brought to trial, was convicted on two indictments, and a motion made by his counsel for a new trial has been decided against him.—There yet remains 103 indictments on which he will not be tried during the present term of the court. SAYRES has had all the indictments found against him—except, we believe, one or two—tried by one jury, who acquitted him on the 41 indictments charging him with larceny, and adjudged him guilty on the 74 charging him with the abduction of slaves. The penalty for the latter is a fine not exceeding \$300 in each case, and costs. ESCOLSON, against whom the Attorney General could not procure a particle of evidence that even he could torture into a seeming justification of the boy's detention—after having been confined in prison four months, and enduring such treatment as oppressors ever inflict upon those who refuse them allegiance, was notified by the court that the prosecution against him was dropped.

Who, that has marked the progress of these trials, can help but feel that the approximation to freedom which some in this land enjoy is by sufferance, and not by right,—that liberty here wears fetters? Of what value is trial by jury, if the jury is to be overruled by the power of the tyrant? What protection is to be found in a court where the judge is corrupt, the prosecutor unprincipled, and where privileges granted the State, are denied the defendant? Such a court as the one that tried the Pearl prisoners, mocks at justice and disgraces equity.—Better that liberty should depend upon the fiat of one man whose right to decide shall be acknowledged, than to retain the republican forms of justice which we have, after their spirit has departed. Our relations to the South must be changed before we can hope to have our rights regarded. So long as we have union with slaveholders, so long will oppression be our lot.

Ireland.

Affairs in Ireland look gloomy. A dark cloud hangs over that island, and conceals from view much that is transpiring there.—That there has been an outbreak of popular violence, an uprising of a portion of the people, is beyond doubt; but how extensive, or what the character of its results, it is difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain. Some accounts represent the insurrection as a very trifling—a contest between less than three score of policemen and a few hundred peasants.—Others affirm that O'Brien, at the head of 60,000 men, had taken up a position in the mountain of Slievenamon, twenty miles from Cork; which mountain is surrounded by a bog, and is only accessible at one point; and assert that Gen. McDonald, who had attacked them, was killed in the assault, together with 6,000 of the best British troops. In another column will be found an extract from a government paper, and also a letter from a secret correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune. Our readers must judge between these conflicting statements, or wait for further intelligence.

The news of the battle of Slievenamon, whether true or false, has created a great excitement among the friends of Ireland in our eastern cities and elsewhere; and we doubt not there will go out from the people of this land, an almost universal voice of sympathy and encouragement to those who are contending against the power of British tyranny.—Appeals have already been made to the American public for instant aid, and have been cordially responded to. Meetings of the friends of Ireland will be held throughout the length and breadth of this land, where oppression will be denounced and freedom glorified, and burning eloquence add fuel to the flame already kindled. But are not such meetings, and the utterance of such sentiments dangerous in a land of slaves? May not American bondmen steal the fire from the altar of Irish freedom, and under some colored O'Brien strike for their humanity, as the Irish peasant strike for their political rights? Every word of sympathy which America utters in behalf of the defenders of liberty in other lands, is fraught with danger to her "peculiar institution." She either has no right to sympathize with them, or none to be herself an oppressor. Which is it?

To Correspondents.

C. G. O. No charge is made for the copy—the name is on the free list. The money is credited as donation to Society.

J. H. The fault was in the P. M. who in a letter dated June 23rd, stated that J. H. refused to take the paper from the office.—We shall extend his credit so as to make the full year.

V. N. No satire was intended, and if intended would have been out of place. We beg him not to withhold any light it is possible for him to give us.

The Ex. Committee

Will meet at the house of James Barnaby, on the 3d instant, at 2 o'clock P. M.

—We have a large number of communications on hand, some of which we have not yet attentively read. They shall be examined in due time and disposed of to the best of our ability.

Taylorism Looking Up.

A flaming placard, of which the following is a faint copy in capitals, &c., though identical in language, was posted conspicuously in our streets on Monday last. The building referred to—which should henceforth be called Zack's Saloon, or some other name in honor of the Bloodhound Hero—is about 12 by 14 feet, some inches more or less. We were not present at the hall, but quite late in the evening we heard a considerable barking among the dogs, from which we infer the meeting was satisfactory to all concerned.—The fortunes of the hero, it seems, are not so desperate after all. Salem claims to be the banner town.

GRAND RALLY!!!

TAYLOR VICTORY!!!

Glory! Christianity! Liberty! Peace!

It is proposed to hold a GIGANTIC MASS MEETING of the true Whigs of old Columbia this evening!
AN IMMENSE PROCESSION WILL BE FORMED! which it is confidently expected will astonish the natives! In this procession will, we trust, be seen every true Whig in the county—every true friend of Gen. Taylor, and "our country, however bounded"! Let us show ourselves willing to exalt that honest Patriot, and sincere and pious and praying Christian, to the Presidency. He has "conquered a piece" of Mexico—killed 50,000 Mexicans—all for the glory of himself and U. S. and God, and for the overthrow of Popery, and the "extension of the area of Freedom!"
After marching round in procession "with flow of flag and beat of drum," the immense crowd will proceed to that large and commodious Hall in Chestnut street, just north of Main street, formerly occupied as an Umbrella Manufactory and Gold and Silversmith shop! The central position and size of this Hall are such as to insure accommodations for all.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1st. Singing by the Choir (Old Hundred.) 2d. Prayer by the Ex-Rev. A. 3d. Sermon by Rev. Mr. E.—, from the text, "Where two or three are gathered together," &c. The Reverend gentleman will show from the text, that General Taylor is a Christian, and had a perfect right to give the Mexicans hell, they being Catholics! 4th. Singing by the Choir, ("Carry me back to Old Virginia.") changed and improved to suit the occasion.



DOGS!!!



It is hoped that those of the "true and brave," who have DOGS, will not fail to bring them along. There will be ample room for them in the Hall, and they will help to swell the procession. It is to the services of the "Cuba blood-hound," (imported by the advice of the man whom we love to honor,) that most of the glory of that great man is owing. Let all the Canine race, then, be present. We repeat it, BRING ON YOUR DOGS! The dogs are not designed to "worry," but only to seek out the Whig deserters.

Mob in Cincinnati.

MILITARY CALLED OUT.

We learn from the Cincinnati Herald, that on the 23d ult., that city was made the scene of mob violence. The cause which led to it was an alleged rape perpetrated upon a German girl, eight years of age, by two of the returned volunteers of this State. These men were arrested, and after a hearing, committed to prison in default of bail. On their way to the jail, an unsuccessful attempt to take them from the custody of the police was made by some of the German population, who were greatly excited. When the doors of the prison closed upon them, the mob tore down the wall surrounding it, and avowed a determination to destroy the building itself. At this juncture the police within the jail fired upon the assailants, which caused them to retreat from the yard, though they continued to hang about the vicinity. The excitement increased, and the next day two military companies garrisoned the jail; though we are glad to learn that up to 10 o'clock of the evening of the 24th, no further collision had taken place.

It appears that during the contest between the police and the mob, two men were killed, two mortally wounded, and several slightly injured.

A WHOPPER.—Some democratic editor offered \$50 for the biggest whig lie; we don't know whether he of the "Free Press," Burlington, Vt., designed to contend for the premium when he asserted,

"Gen. Taylor is a Whig. He is an Anti-Slavery man in principle and from principle."

If he does not win success, he certainly deserves it.

WHERE ARE THE BEST.—A statement is going the rounds of the papers that the population of Liberia amounts to 18,000 persons; of whom 3,500 are from the United States. During the twenty-five years the Colonization Society has been in operation, it has taken from this country not less than 5,000 Americans. If Africa is the Paradise it is represented to be, it would seem as though 5,000 colonists with their natural increase ought to amount to more than 3,500. Where are the rest? Perhaps the grace-yard can tell.

GOOD LOGIC.—It is affirmed that General Taylor is a whig because he was nominated by the whig convention; and that he was nominated by that convention because he was a Whig. This is making the rule work both ways.

From Wilmer & Smith's Times.

The Rebellion in Ireland.

On Saturday, the 28th ult., the first overt act fairly took place. About 4000 or 5000 insurgents encountered a small body of police under Mr. Blake, the County Inspector, and at first the overwhelming force of the insurgents compelled the little band of the constabulary to retire. They secured their retreat into a small house on the borders of the common of Boulagh, near Ballygarry, which having fortified, the insurgents advanced headed by O'Brien. He called upon the besieged to surrender, which was answered by a volley from their muskets, which killed several of the insurgents. Dillon was, it is confidently stated, wounded in both legs. The Roman Catholic clergyman arrived at the scene of strife whilst this was going on, and implored the people to abstain from violence. O'Brien, it is said, incited the people to set fire to the house, or pull it down, but not being seconded, he appeared disgusted with the command, mounted a policeman's horse, and took the direction towards Uringford. By this time a large body of regular troops, cavalry, artillery and infantry, came pouring in from all quarters, the insurgents had disappeared, and the military bivouacked on the field. Various statements have been put forth, tending to show that O'Brien is scarcely in a state of insanity; his dress and deportment being altogether such as to justify this belief.

The intelligence of the appearance of Mr. O'Brien in open arms against the government, created deep sorrow and alarm. The utter disproportion of strength to cope with the authorities, the want of money, commissariat and supplies; the absence of all organization and resources, showed the whole affair, from the beginning, to be utterly hopeless. From England a continued stream of forces, consisting of Cavalry, Infantry and Artillery, poured immediately into Ireland, and an immense fleet of war steamers encircled the whole coast. The Felon, Nation, and other papers were seized, the types carried away, and editorial steps taken to prevent their reappearance. Nine counties were further proclaimed under the Arms Act, including Kerry, Galway, and seven baronies in Cork county, Wexford, Queen's county, Carlow, Kildare, Wicklow, and eight baronies in King's county Westmeath, Louth and four baronies in Cavan, Fermanagh, Monaghan and two baronies in Antrim; and the barony of Newry, in the county of Down. Meantime numerous arrests have been made in Dublin and in various counties.

From the latest advices received from the disturbed districts about Ballygarry, where Gen. Macdonald has established his headquarters, every thing continues peaceable, with the general impression that the moment the troops are withdrawn dissatisfaction would again show itself. O'Brien is supposed, by the most cool headed people writing from the spot, to be concealed in some of the mines in the neighborhood of some of his late exploits.

[Secret Correspondence of the Tribune.]

We have the following from a confidential correspondent in Dublin. It is almost too favorable to the people to be believed; and yet the blind and inconsistent reports of the British press seems to give plausibility to our correspondent's statements. The number of British troops said to be killed seems to be exaggerated. The letter was written in cipher to evade the vigilance of the British Post Office, which would have otherwise detected it. The writer would not knowingly deceive the public. His brother is a resident of this city. Without further comment we subjoin the letter.

DUBLIN, August 3, 1848.

No newspaper here dare tell the truth concerning the battle of Slievenamon, but from all we can learn the people have had a great victory. Gen. Macdonald, the commander of the British forces, is killed, and 6000 troops are killed and wounded. The road for three miles is covered with the dead. We have also the inspiring intelligence that Kennedy and Limerick have been taken by the people. The people of Dublin have gone in thousands to assist in the country. Mr. John B. Dillon was wounded in both legs. Mr. Meagher was also wounded in both arms.—It is generally expected that Dublin will rise and attack the jails on Sunday night August 6.

All the people coming in on the railroad are cautioned and commanded not to tell the news. When the cars arrive thousands of the Dublin people are waiting for the intelligence. The police drive away those who are seen asking questions. Why all this care of the government to prevent the spread of intelligence, unless it be that something has happened which they want kept a secret? If they had obtained a victory they would be very apt to let us know it.

We are informed that the 3d Buffs (a regiment of infantry) turned and fought with the people. The 31st regiment, at Athlone, have also declared for the people, and two regiments have been sent to disarm them.

The mountain of Slievenamon is almost inaccessible. There is but one approach to it. It is said to be well supplied with provisions. It was a glorious place for our noble Smith O'Brien to select. It is said he has sixty thousand men around him, with a considerable supply of arms, ammunition and cannon. In '96 the rebels could not be taken from Slievenamon until they chose to come out themselves.

A lady who came to town yesterday, and

who had passed the scene of battle, said that for three miles the stench arising from the dead men and horses was almost suffocating. Wexford was quite peaceable till recently—but the government in its madness proclaimed it, and now it is in arms to assist the cause. Now that we are fairly and spiritedly at it, are we not worthy of help? What are you doing for us? People of America, Ireland stretches her hands to you for assistance. Do not let us be disappointed! B.

Correspondence of the Tribune.

The Washington Slave Case.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Aug. 9.

The jury in the second case against Drayton, have maintained the reputation of the District by finding a second verdict of guilty. This jury, with the former one, was divided, three for acquittal to nine for conviction. So they stood when the Court adjourned last night. Word was sent down soon that there was no prospect of agreement, but in the course of the night three advocates for truth and decency were whipped in, and consented to a verdict of guilty. That verdict must ever be sustained. The law on the subject of larceny, as laid down by the Judge, was in total contradiction to every book and every case on the subject; and upon the exceptions taken to his finding in this case, he will be presented before the legal world—for this case will be discussed wherever the common law is known—in no enviable attitude. He will be presented as a man who, out of his love and admiration of Slavery, was willing to reverse the law, and overthrow principles established in all Common Law Courts known in Europe or America, by an interrupted practice of centuries. Indeed, it is the opinion of some legal gentlemen here, that this ruling will furnish grounds for the impeachment of the Judge, as evincing either corruption on his part, or such a total ignorance and disregard of the simplest and best settled principles of the law, as show him totally unfit for the office.

One thing is certain. These verdicts, and the ruling of the Judge on which they were found, will go a great way to precipitate the abolition of Slavery in this District. It is impossible that the people of the U. States should consent to a longer continuance at the seat of Government of an institution which so influences and corrupts the people, that mobs permeate the streets, not merely to murder prisoners charged with an alleged offence, but to pull down the printing-offices, and to burn the houses of all those whom the mob may suspect of sympathizing with those prisoners; and which so corrupts and influences the courts of criminal justice, that the District Attorney is sustained in it by a practice which that same Court pronounces wrong and bad, of finding a vexatious and inconsistent multiplicity of indictments for the same act, while the Court itself lays down as law, doctrines as inconsistent with the best established principles as they are abhorrent to humanity.

The Court this very morning has committed another gross outrage on the rights of Drayton, by refusing to oblige the District Attorney to go to trial on the remaining 103 indictments against him. Notwithstanding the provision of the Constitution securing to every person a speedy trial, and the uniform practice of the Court to try every prisoner in jail, at the first term, and a previous refusal by this very Court of a continuance which the prisoners had moved for, leave is now given to the District Attorney to delay the remaining trials as long as he pleases!—Here is additional ground for an impeachment, and in the next Congress, if not in this, men (it is to be hoped) will be found who will take measures for ridding the Bench of such an incubus, and the District itself of such a source of corruption.

Washington, Wednesday, Aug. 17, 1848.

The second of the tedious trials against Sayres has resulted in a second verdict of acquittal, after an absence of fifteen minutes on the part of the jury. When the counsel for the prisoner closed their argument yesterday morning, the District Attorney, finding the whole case knocked away from under him, complained of the ear-ache, and on that pretence obtained from the Judge a delay till this morning, when he came into court, and delivered an harangue of three hours and a half. It was a tissue of misrepresentation of law and fact from beginning to end, proving the District Attorney to be either a block-head, and stupid beyond any hope of redemption, or if he knew what he was about—and I have charity enough to believe he did not—resolved to stickle at nothing to obtain a conviction. Whether he will go on to try the remaining thirty-nine indictments, remains to be seen. He is the more piqued at losing these cases, because they go to discredit his two verdicts against Drayton, which rested substantially on the same evidence. One of these verdicts he is in danger of losing. A new trial has been moved for, on the ground that one Hampton C. Williams, leader of the steamboat expedition, swore on the first trial that Drayton told him that if he had got off safe with his cargo of slaves, he should have been placed in independent circumstances; which statement on the second trial, and before the jury had agreed upon their verdict, this same Williams voluntarily took back, saying that he could not tell whether it had been said to him by Drayton or by somebody else. The fact was Drayton had charged him roundly with having sworn falsely in this matter, and with all his anxiety to swear enough to convict the prisoner, yet wishing to seem to have some conscience, on the second trial he held back this testimony, saying that he could not recollect whether Drayton or some one else said it.

Now it so happened that while Williams was making this very retraction, the other jury, then out for twenty-one hours, were agreeing to their verdict of guilty upon the strength of this very piece of evidence! A new trial has been moved for on this ground. Finding how important this piece of testimony is, this witness, Williams, has suddenly lost his conscience and recovered his memory, and now thinks he can almost certainly recollect that Drayton did say it! A pretty witness truly.

This is not the only exhibition that this Mr. Williams has made of himself. He had the impudence to swear—a thing at which all the other Government witnesses laughed—that he believed the mob which attacked the prisoners on their way to jail, was got up out of fear that the free negroes would rescue the captured slaves.

It was he, too, who committed the innocent English to prison, not a Georgetown

magistrate, as the testimony of this Williams had led me to suppose. The infamy of that transaction rests wholly on him. I have not heard that he, or the Grand Jury, or the District Attorney, have yet made any compensation to this innocent young man for the injuries they have inflicted upon him, and I suppose they intend to put up with the imputation of being malicious scoundrels, who, in their eagerness to uphold Slavery, regard the rights of their white fellow citizens as but dust in the balance.

What will become of the other cases against Sayres, does not yet appear. The District Attorney will no doubt try to get them continued, as he did those against Drayton. He will thus be able to carry them into his year's account. Depend upon it, these things will be looked after at the next Congress.

Receipts.

W. B. Michener, Westville,	1.00-208
Harmon Behler, Salem,	1.00-208
Charles Brosius, Westville,	1.00-208
J. K. Farrington, Linaville,	1.00-208
Dr. Spellman, Cherry Valley,	1.00-208
R. S. Davis,	1.00-208
Calish Greene, Southington,	1.00-208
A. Jackson, Eagleville,	1.00-208
Ashet Case,	1.00-211
Jan. Behner, New Chambersburg,	93-156
J. H. Barnes, Berlin,	50-197
Geo. Aspy, Benton,	1.00-208
G. N. Akins, Vernon,	45-156
Allen Rheubottom, Maysville,	1.00-165
Chester Low, Andover,	1.00-
J. P. Whetmore,	1.75-164
Geo. Swaner, Parkman,	1.38-159
Pliny Cook, Charleston,	1.00-128
Stephen Barnaby, Mt Union,	2.50-208
Jno. G. Herriote, Hermitage,	1.00-211
Thomas Thompson	1.00-214
Mary Ann Denning, New Lyme,	1.00-212
Wm. Hulta, New Bedford,	1.00-208
Benj. Shinn, Benton,	1.39-156
Joseph Grissell, New Garden,	50-182
Isaac Johnson,	1.00-208
E. F. Curtis, Parkman,	1.00-183
Isa. A. Lyman, Hillsdale,	50-182
Ellis Cope, Columbiana,	1.00-208
Ann Cope,	1.00-207
Orin Brown, Canfield,	1.00-208
Jno. Marsh, Clarkson,	1.00-208
Jno. Webber, Deerfield,	1.00-202
Jos. Ward, New Garden,	3.82-208
James Miller,	1.00-208
Enos R. Cooper, Hebertsville,	1.00-168
Marsena Miller, New Lyme,	1.00-203
J. D. Townsend, Hillsville,	1.00-208
Jno. Grant, Mt Union,	1.00-218
Wm. B. Randolph, Guilford,	1.00-208
Eliza McKee, Farmington,	1.00-199
Chas Lewis, Mt Pleasant,	1.00-208
Emeline Kennet, Mt Union,	1.00-208
W. R. Oiler, Middlefield,	1.00-163
Walter Holly, Farmington,	3.00-235
A. Chapman, Rootstown,	1.00-193
Benj. Bown, Pittsburgh,	1.00-208
Geo. King, New Garden,	1.50-174
Isaac Hambleton, Georgetown,	2.00-236
Wm. Detcher, Randolph,	3.00-88
S. H. Case,	1.00-164
Mary Knapp, Andover,	1.00-250
Mary Mcendenhall, New Garden,	1.00-220
Wm. McClure West Middleton,	1.00-195
Solomon C. Beckworth, Malta,	1.00-208
John Wellman Ravensna,	3.00-148
Allen Hisey, Oberlin,	1.00-194
S. C. Stewart, Strasburg,	1.00-208
Geo. Bowman, Massillon,	144-101
Wm. Pimm,	1.75-114
E. M. Parot, Atwater,	1.39-65
Ralph Bartholamew,	50-78
Geo. Hayward, Selma,	1.50-168
Jno. Adams, Jamestown,	3.38-112
Jas. A. Browder,	270-112
Thos. Neal,	3.38-112
Jas Browder,	3.50-147
Ira Thomas, Springboro,	3.00-156
Mary Newport,	1.50-69
Jno. H. Neill,	1.50-61
Ena. Wilso,	2.50-86
Z. Diggs,	1.50-105
A. M. Wilson,	3.30-112
Ellyson Coleman,	4.00-131
Sam'l Fiscoe,	3.50-114
Sam'l Richardson,	2.52-86
E. W. Shelton, Cincinnati,	1.00-89
Riley Maslow, Harveysburg,	236-112
T. J. Watkins, Springboro,	2.94-94
V. Nicholson, Harveysburg,	2.50-160
Jno. Stokes, Rochester,	1.75-134
Jas. Frame, Selma,	1.50-174
W. W. Polard, Columbus,	1.50-162
Jno Smith,	1.00-215
Jno. Simpson, Short Creek,	200-112
Vickers & Emery, Harrisville,	1.00-208
Arion Collier, Salem,	50-90
David Edgar, West Greenville,	1.00-211
S. H. Case, Randolph,	1.00-216
J. A. Lepper, Bundysburg,	2.50-223
Simon Meridith, Berlin,	1.00-170
Thos. M. Wickasham, Ellsworth,	1.50-160
F. P. Brown, New Lyme,	1.50-156
Sam'l Morris, E. Bethlehem,	1.25-197
Jas H. Collins, Farmington,	2.00-149
R. McBride, New Bedford,	1.00-208
Warren Winder, Deerfield,	1.00-208
Ellen Bealls, Andover,	2.00-230
N. Dalph,	1.50-156
Rich'd. Holland, Youngstown,	50-201
Jos Holcom,	1.50-158
Riley Maslow, Linaville,	50-182
Simon Graham, Linaville,	50-182
Watson Scott, Leatherwood,	3.00-147
Moses Teggarden, Mt Union,	1.31-138
Z. P. Edwards,	1.00-208
Joseph Barnaby,	1.44-182
P. Garrettson,	1.00-218
E. T. Wickersham, Marlboro,	1.00-134
Jonathan Marsh, Fairfield,	1.00-208
Jacob Dutton, New Garden,	1.00-208
Ann Silver, Pottersville,	1.00-237
Jno Moffat, Middlefield,	75-95
A. L. C. Day, Warren,	1.00-50
Stacy Cole, Mt Union,	1.82-112
Thos M. Wickersham Ellsworth,	1.00-212
Enos L. Woods, Columbiana,	1.00-230
Jno. Voglesong,	1.50-156
Dr. Parker,	1.50-166
S. Johns, Clarkson,	1.00-209
Leonard Holloway, Columbiana,	1.00-280
Thos. Hance, East Troy,	1.50-182
Olive Miller, N. Garden,	4.00-268
E. A. Davis, Marietta,	50-162
Milton Marsh, East Bethlehem,	1.00-208
W. M. Griffith, Martinsville,	1.00-208
R. Houghton, Oatego,	1.50-188
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Meetings.

C. C. Burleigh and H. C. Wright will hold meetings at
Munson, September 2d and 3d.
Anstunburg " 4th.
Jefferson " 5th.

The meetings at Franklin Mills, at Munson, and at Anstunburg will commence at 2 o'clock P. M.

Peace Meetings.

H. C. Wainour will hold Peace meetings at
Jefferson, Sept., 6th.
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POETRY.

The Blind Boy and his Sister.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"On, brother, said fair Annie,
To the blind boy at her side;
"Would thou could'st see the sunshine lie
On hill and valley, and the sky
Hung like a glorious canopy
O'er all things far and wide!"

"Would thou could'st see the waters
In many a distant glen;
The mountain flocks that graze around;
Nay, even this patch of stony ground,
These crags, with silver lichen crowned,
I would that thou could'st see!"

"Would thou could'st see my face, brother,
As well as I see thee;
For always what I cannot see
It is but half a joy to me.
Brother, I often weep for thee,
Yet thou dost not weep for me!"

"And why should I weep, Annie?"
Said the blind boy, with a smile;
"I ken the blue sky and the gray;
The sunny and the misty day;
The moorland valley stretched away
For many and many a mile!"

"I ken the night and day, Annie,
For all ye may believe;
And often in my spirit lies
A clear light as of mid-day skies;
And splendours on my vision rise,
Like gorgeous hues of eve."

"I sit upon the stone, Annie,
Beside our cottage door,
And people say, 'that boy is blind,'
And pity me, although I find
A world of beauty in my mind,
A never-ceasing store."

"I hear you talk of mountains,
The beautiful, the grand;
Of sprinkled peaks so gray and tall;
Of lakes, and glens, and waterfalls;
Of flowers and trees—I ken them all;
Their difference understand."

"The harebell and the gowan
Are not alike to me,
Are different as the herd and flock.
The blasted pine-tree and the rock,
The waving birch, the broad, green oak,
The river, and the sea."

"And oh, the heavenly music,
That, as I sit alone,
Comes to mine inward sense as clear
As if the angel-voices were
Singing to harp and dulcimer
Before the mighty throne!"

"It is not as of outward sound,
Of breeze, or singing bird;
But wondrous melody refined;
A gift of God unto the blind;
An inward harmony of mind,
By inward senses heard!"

"And all the old-world stories
That neighbors tell o' nights;
Of fairies on the fairy mound;
Of bewitched dwellings under ground,
Of elves caroling round and round,
Of fays and water-sprites!"

"All this to me is pleasantness,
Is all a merry story;
I see the antic people play,
Brownie and kelpie, elf and fay,
In a sweet country far away,
Yet where I seem to go."

"But better far than this, Annie,
Is when thou read'st to me
Of the dear Saviour meek and kind,
And how he healed the lame and blind,
Am I not healed?—for in my mind
His blessed form I see!"

"Oh, love is not of sight, Annie,
Is not of outward things;
For, in my innermost soul I know
His pity for all mortal woe;
His words of love, spoke long ago,
Unseal its deepest springs!"

"Then do not mourn for me, Annie,
Because that I am blind;
The beautiful of all outward sight;
The wondrous shows of day and night;
All love, all faith, and all delight,
Are strong in heart and mind!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Foot Prints of Angels.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

It was Sunday morning; and the church
Bells were ringing together. From all the
neighboring villages came the solemn, joy-
ful sounds, floating through the sunny air,
mellow and faint and low, all mingling into
one harmonious chime, like the sound of some
distant organ in heaven. Anon they ceased,
and the woods, and the clouds, and the whole
village, and the very air itself seemed to pray
so silent was it everywhere.

The venerable old man—high priest and
pastor in the land—was on the pulpit
stairs, as Moses and Aaron went up
Mount Hor, in the sight of the congregation
—for the pulpit stairs were in front and very
high.

Paul Flemming will never forget the ser-
mon he heard that day—no, not even if he
should live to be as old as he who preached
it. The text was, "I know that my redeem-
er liveth." It was meant to console the
pious, poor widow, who sat right before him,
at the foot of the pulpit stairs, all in black,
and her heart breaking. He said nothing of the
terror of death, nor of the gloom of the nar-
row house, but looking beyond these things,
as more circumstances to which the imagina-
tion mainly gives importance, he told his
hearers of the innocence of childhood upon
earth, and the holiness of childhood in hea-
ven, and how the beautiful Lord Jesus was
once a little child, and how in heaven the
spirits of little children walked with him and
gathered flowers in the field of Paradise.
Good old man! In behalf of humanity,
I thank thee for these benignant words!—
And, still more than I, the bereaved mother
thanked thee; and from that hour, though
she wept in secret for her child, yet

"She knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again."

After the sermon, Paul Flemming walked
forth alone into the church-yard. There was
no one there, save the little boy, who was
fishing with a pin-hook in a grave half full
of water. But a few moments afterward,
through the arched gateway under the bell-
tower, came a funeral procession. At its head
walked a priest in white surplice, chanting—
Peasants, old and young, followed him with
burning tapers in their hands. A young girl
carried in her arms a dead child, wrapped in
its little winding sheet. The grave was
close under the wall, by the church door.—
A vase of holy water stood beside it. The
sexton took the child from that girl's arm,
and put it into a coffin; and as he placed it
in the grave, the girl held a cross over it,
weathed with roses, and the priest and peas-
ants sang a funeral hymn. When this was
over, the priest sprinkled the grave with ho-
ly water; and then they all went into the
church, each one stopping as they passed the
grave to throw a handful of earth into it, and
sprinkle it with holy water.

A few moments afterwards the voice of the
priest was heard saying mass in the church,
and Flemming saw the toothless old sexton
treading the fresh earth into the grave of the
little girl with his clouded shoes. He ap-
proached him and asked the age of the de-
ceased. The sexton leaned a moment on his
spade, and shrugging his shoulders, said—
"Only an hour or two. It was born in the
night and died early this morning."

"A brief existence," said Flemming.—
"The child seems to have been born only to
be buried, and have its name recorded on a
wooden tomb-stone."
The sexton went on with his work and
made no reply. Flemming still lingered al-
most among the graves, gazing with wonder at
the strange devices by which man has rendered
death horrible, and the grave loathsome.

In the temple of Juno at Elis, Sleep and
his twin brother, Death, were represented as
reposing in the arms of Night. On various
funeral monuments of the ancients, the Ge-
nius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful
youth on an inverted torch in the attitude of
repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed.

In such a peaceful and attractive form, the
idea of the imagination of the ancient poets represent
death. And these were men in whose souls,
the religion of Nature was like the light of
stars, beautiful, but faint and cold! Strange
that in latter days, this angel of God, which
leads us with a gentle hand into the "land of
the great departed, into the silent land,"
should have been transformed into a mon-
strous and terrific thing! Such is the specter
that rises on the white horse—the ghastly
skeleton with scythe and hour-glass—the
reaper whose name is Death!

One of the most popular themes of poetry
and painting in the middle ages, and contin-
uing down even to modern times, was the
Dance of Death. In almost all languages is
it written—the apparition of the grim spectre,
putting a sudden stop to all business, and
leading men away into the "remarkable re-
tirement" of the grave. It is written in an
ancient Spanish poem, and painted on a
wooded bridge in Switzerland.

The designs of Holbein are all well known.
The most striking among them is that where
Death has taken out by the hand and is lead-
ing it out of the door. Quietly and unresist-
ingly goes the child, and in its countenance
no grief, but wonder only; while the other
children are weeping and stretching forth
their hands in vain towards their departed
brother. A beautiful design it is in all save
the skeleton. An Angel had been better, with
folded wings and torch inverted.

And now the sun was growing high and
warm. A little chapel, whose door stood
open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and
enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in.—
There was no one there. The walls were
covered with paintings and sculpture of the
rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets.
There was nothing to move the heart to de-
votion, but in that hour the heart of Flem-
ming was weak—weak as a child's. He
bowed his stubborn knees and wept. And
O! how many bitter recollections, how much
of wounded pride, and unrequited love, were
in those tears, through which he read on a
marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this
singular inscription:

"Look not mournfully into the Past. It
comes not back again. Wisely improve the
Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the
shadowy future without fear, and with a man-
ly heart."

It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant
of the grave had opened his lips of dust, and
spoken to him the words of consolation,
which his soul needed, and which no friend
had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish
of his thoughts were still. The stone was
rolled away from the door of his heart; death
was no longer there, but an angel clothed in
white. He stood up, and his eyes were no
longer bleared with tears; and, looking into
the bright morning heaven, he said—
"I will be strong!"

Men sometimes go down into tombs with
pained longings to behold once more the fa-
ces of their departed friends; and as they
gaze upon them lying there so peacefully
with the semblance that they wore on earth,
the sweet breath of Heaven touches them and
they crumble and fall together, and are but
dust. So did his soul then descend for the
last time in the great tomb of the Past, with
pained longings to behold once more the dear
faces of those he had loved; and the sweet
breath of Heaven touched them, but crumbled
away and perished as he gazed. They, too,
were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard
the dust of the Past shut behind him as the
Divine Point dim the gate of Paradise, then
the angel pointed him the way up the Holy
Mountain; and to him likewise was it for-
bidden to look back.

In the life of every man there are sudden
transitions, of feeling, which seem almost
miraculous. At once, as if some magician
had touched the heavens and the earth, the
dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls,
and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes
which produce these sudden changes
may have been long at work within us, but
the changes themselves are instantaneous, and
apparently without sufficient cause. It was
so with Flemming; and from that hour he
resolved, that he would no longer veer with
every shifting wind of circumstance; no longer
be a child's plaything in the hands of
Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He
resolved henceforth not to lean on others; but
to walk confident and self-possessed; no longer
to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait
for the fulfilment of boundless hopes and in-
discreet desires; but to live in the Present
wisely, alike forgetful of the Past, and care-
less of what the mysterious future might
bring. And from that moment he was calm
and strong; he was reconciled with himself!

His thoughts turned to his distant home be-
yond the sea. An indescribable feeling arose
within him.
"Thither I will turn my wandering foot-
steps, said he; and be no longer a dreamer
among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life
of action and reality! I will work in my
own sphere, nor wish it other than it is.—
This alone is health and happiness. This
alone is life."

"Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say—Welcome,
friend!"

"Why have I not made these sage reflec-
tions, this wise resolve sooner? Can such a
simple result spring only from a long and
intricate experience? Alas! it is not till
time with reckless hand, has torn out half
the leaves from the book of human life, to
light the fire of passion with, from day to
day, that man begins to see that the leaves
which remain are few in number, and to re-
member, faintly at first, and then more clear-
ly, that upon the earlier pages of that book
was written a story of happy innocence,
which he would fain read over again. Then
comes listless irresolution, and the inevitable
action of despair; or else the firm resolve to
reel upon the leaves that still remain a mo-
mentary history than the child's story
with which the book began."—Hyperion.

The Honest Lawyer's Fee.

It is now five years since the widow Stiles
called on me one morning before breakfast,
and asked me to recommend her to some
lawyer, as she thought her friend Stubbs was
less correct than he might be. I asked her
to step into the parlor, and went myself to
my breakfast and my wife, whose advice I
always asked on such points. We had known
Mrs. Stiles many years; her husband was a
great land owner in a goodly town of the
western country, and with a disinterested
love, that deserved some better aim, ever
pressed it on his helpmate, as the first rule of
life, to get all she could and keep all she got.
He died, and Mrs. Stiles became more and
more religious and alms-giving, but also
more and more fond of wealth, and scrupulous
of the admirable advice which her husband
had given her.

I stated the facts to my wife, and waited
her opinion. "Well, William," said she, after
drinking a cup of coffee upon my story,
"I fear the old lady has some money-getting
claim in view; you know she has of late
given all her affections to getting more wealth.
I would therefore recommend her to the most
honest and conscientious lawyer in town,
and not to the most acute and thorough one.
She relies on your judgment; use it, nor for
her seeming but her real good."

I counted my legal acquaintances over—
twice over, before I hit on one answering to
the terms "honest and conscientious." In the
sense which I knew Ellen used them; at
length I found him, and taking my hat, walked
with the widow to his office.

We found Mr. Sawyer at his desk; he
rose and gave us chairs and waited Mrs.
Stiles' statement. But before I go on in this
point, let me say a few words of this phre-
nology man with his head under his
left arm, and his heart—this honest law-
yer, in the broadest, highest sense of the
term. He was a man of thirty-five; he had
studied law because he liked the study, and
hegan the practice because he had to get a
living; and now he continued in the profes-
sion, in spite of bad opponents and bad courts
—because he thought he had done, and might
yet do, much good by his labors; not alone
saying the innocent and needy from the strong
and cruel, but preventing strife, putting a
stop to all knavish practices, and dissuading
men and women from unjust suits, and pas-
sion-rousing quarrels. Mr. Sawyer thought
not only proper for him to refuse action for
those whose claims he thought dishonest,
but he counted it also a duty and a privilege
to be a mere Christian character to strive to
persuade them to forget such claims. He
sought fame and extensive practice as a
means whereby to exert a moral influence
over the community; he thought a lawyer
bound to serve, not his client only, but his
God and country, and looked on him, who
for gain would prosecute a suit which he
thought unfair, as a traitor to his country,
and his religion, in act, whatever he might
be in intention. In short, as Bill Blunt once
said, "Sawyer is such a hanged fool as to
think it an attorney's business to help the
parson to make good Christianity."

And now we shall let Mrs. Stiles state her
business. It seems that her husband had
sold and conveyed several lots, which her
father had left in trust for her, and in such a
form that she, meaning to release her fee in
the lots, had, in turn, merely released right
of dower—these lots she understood she could
get back.
"Did you ever receive the money for
them?" asked Mr. Sawyer.
"Certainly, sir."
"Was it a fair, full price for the land?"
"It was all we asked, sir."
"Did you sign the deed willingly?"
"Of course, do you think Jared would
have me drive to do it?"
"Did you mean to convey a full title in
fee, Mrs. Stiles?"
"Beyond doubt; but as we didn't, they
tell me the land never passed."
"Suppose, Mrs. Stiles, the money had
been paid before you had drawn the deed,
should you have thought it honest, after get-
ting the money to refuse to give the deed?"
"Why, lawyer, that would have been
thieving, right down."
"Well, Mrs. Stiles, you have not yet given
the deed, shall I draw one for you to sign?"
"Why, bless your soul, Sawyer, that is
the deed you have got in your hand!"
"Mrs. Stiles, if you had given the man,
when he paid you the money for the lots, a
sheet of blank paper, and he had not looked
at it, would that have been a deed?"
"Of course not."
"But you meant to give a full title in fee?"
"Yes."
"Well, this is not such a title any more
than a sheet of blank paper; you have not
yet given the deed. Shall I draw a quit
claim for you to sign?"
Mrs. Stiles looked at me, and looked at
the window, looked very much puzzled, and
somewhat abashed. At last she said, "But
don't the law say the land is mine, Squire?"
"We can't tell that," said Mr. Sawyer,
"till the case is tried. First, let us get
things straight, and have the bargain com-
plete, and then, if you please, we will go to
law about it."

The widow was fairly caught in the cer-

ner. At length with a gasp, she asked how
much he would charge for quit claim deed; this
charge the attorney told her, the other
party would willingly pay, he had no doubt,
and taking down a blank proceeded to fill it.
Before we left, the bargain was complete,
the deed was signed, witnessed and acknow-
ledged.

"And pray," said the widow, as we walk-
ed home, "what sort of a lawyer do you call
this man? I verily believe that he has cheat-
ed me out of all my lots; I have a great
mind to go back and tear that deed all to
flinders."

I assured her that not only was it too late,
but that she had done the proper thing under
the circumstances, and advised her in future,
to employ no one but Mr. Sawyer. Much
to my surprise, she took my advice, and that
gentleman was henceforth her solicitor and
counselor.

Last week the widow Stiles died, leaving
her executor. After the funeral, we opened
her will, and found it, to our astonish-
ment, in her own hand-writing.

"Know all men," it began, "that whereas
I write this myself—that is, I, Jane, relict
of Jared Stiles, being of sound mind and
body,—know all men, that, whereas, said
attorney, to wit, vicar, James Sawyer, of
this said town, that I'm of, namely, the town
of Jackson, whereas, I say, first led me to
see the folly of giving up my old age to the
heaping up of filthy lucre, and caused me to
turn aside from a course that was, as I have
since seen, wholly wrong, for which he be-
lieved in this life and forever. Therefore
know ye, that as a small token of respect and
love, for said attorney, to wit, namely, James
Sawyer, who has, of late, been unfortunate,
and much distressed in worldly matters, I do
hereby, by these presents, give, bequeath,
will, leave, transfer, make over, and pass un-
to the aforesaid Sawyer, every cent I've got
in the world; goods, chattels, lands, money,
books, dress and jewels, for his and his heirs',
good, leaving it to him to give to my several
friends, such articles as are marked with their
names. Witness my hand and seal, Nov.,
20th, 1836.

JANE STILES.

Knowing, as I did, Mr. Sawyer's troubles
in these hard times, I shook his hand most
joyfully.
"It is a fee, my friend," said he, "that I
must thank you for."
"She must leave \$50,000," I replied.
"I was thinking," answered he, "not of
the money, but the change of life and heart;
that is the fee I prize."

The Inebriate.

He stood leaning upon the broken gate
in front of his miserable dwelling. His tat-
tered hat was in his hand, and the cool
breeze lifted the matted locks, which covered
his once noble brow. His countenance was
bloated and disfigured, but in his eye there
was an unwonted look—a mingled expres-
sion of sadness and regret. Perhaps he was
listening to the low, melancholy voice of his
patient wife, as she soothed the sick babe on
her bosom; or perhaps he was gazing upon
the sweet face of his eldest daughter, as at
the window she plied her needle to obtain
for mother and the poor children a scanty
sustenance. Poor Mary! for herself she
cared not; young as she was, her spirit was
already crushed by poverty, unkindness and
neglect. As the inebriate thus stood, his
eyes wandered over the miserable habitation be-
fore him. The windows were broken and the
doors hingeless; scarce a vestige of comfort
remained; yet memory bore him back to the
days of his youth, when it was the abode of
peace and happiness. In fancy he saw again
the old arm chair where sat his father, with
the Bible upon his knee; and he seemed to
hear again the sweet notes of his mother, as
she laid her hand upon the head of her dar-
ling boy, and prayed that God might bless
him and preserve him from evil. Long years
had passed away, yet tears came into the
eyes of the drunkard at the recollection of
his mother's love.

"Poor mother," he muttered, "it is
well that thou art sleeping in the grave; it
would break thy heart to know that thy son
is a wretched and degraded being, a misera-
ble outcast from society."

He turned slowly away. Deep within
the adjoining forest was a dell where the
beams of the sun scarce ever penetrated.—
Tall trees grew on either side, whose
branches, meeting above, formed a canopy
of leaves, where the birds built their nests,
and poured forth happy songs. Thither the
drunkard bent his steps. It had been his
favorite haunt in the days of his childhood;
and as he threw himself upon the soft green
sward the recollection of past scenes came
crowding over his mind.—He covered his
face with his hands, and the prayer of the
prodigal burst from his lips—"O, God, re-
ceive a returning wanderer!"—Suddenly a
soft arm was thrown around his neck, and a
sweet voice murmured—"He will forgive
you father." Starting to his feet, the in-
ebriate saw standing before him his youngest
daughter, a child of six years.

"Why are you here, Anne?" he said,
stunned that the innocent child should have
witnessed his grief.

"I came to gather the lilies which grow
upon the banks," she replied, "see, I have
got my basket full and now I am going to
sell them."

"And what do you do with the money?"
asked the father, as he turned his eyes to the
basket, where among the broad green leaves
the sweet lilies of the valley were peeping
forth.

The child hesitated; she thought she had
said too much; perhaps her father would
demand the money and spend it in the way
in which all his earnings went.

"You are afraid to tell me, Anne," said
her father kindly. "Well, I do not blame
you; I have no right to my children's con-
fidence."

The gentleness of his tone touched the
heart of the affectionate child. She threw
her arms around his neck, exclaiming—"Yes
father, I will tell you. Mother buys medi-
cines for poor little Willie. We have no
other way to get it. Mother and Mary work
all the time they can to get bread."

A pang shot through the inebriate's heart,
"I have robbed them of the comforts of life,"
he exclaimed, "from this moment the liquid
fire passes my lips no more."

Ann stood gazing at him with astonish-
ment. She could scarcely comprehend her
father's words; but she saw that some change
had taken place. She threw back her gold-
en ringlets, and raised her large blue eyes,
with an earnest look to his face—"Will

you never drink any more rum?" she whis-
pered timidly.

"Never! Anne," her father replied, sol-
emnly.

Joy danced in her eyes. "Then we will
all be so happy," she cried, "and mother
won't weep any more; oh, father what a hap-
py home ours will be!" Years passed a-
way. The words of little Anne, the drunk-
ard's daughter had proved true. The home
of the reformed man, her father was indeed a
happy one. Plenty crowned his board, and
health and joy beamed from the face of his
wife and children, where once squalid mis-
ery alone could be traced. The pledge had
raised him from his degradation, and re-
stored him once more to peace and happi-
ness.—*Norw. Spec.*

From the Scientific American.

The Boomerang.

This is the name of a curious instrument
used as an offensive weapon by the blacks of
Australia, and in their hands it performs
most wonderful and magic actions, surpassing
our ideas of possibility, and would be per-
fectly incredible, were the accounts not certified
by respectable and truthful witnesses. A
late resident of that strange country, named
Wm. Heygarth, has published a work in
which he describes some of the feats per-
formed by the Boomerang. The instrument
itself is a thin curved piece of wood varying
from two to three feet in length and about
two inches broad—one side is slightly round-
ed, the other quite flat. To be thrown it is
held by the right hand with the flat side of
the instrument facing outwards. An Austral-
ian black can throw this whimsical weapon
so as to cause it to describe a complete circle
in the air; or, to give the reader a better idea
of what is meant, he would stand in front of
a tolerably large house, on the grass-plot be-
fore the door, and send his boomerang com-
pletely round the building, from left to right,
that is to say, it would, upon leaving his hand,
vanish round the right corner, and reappear-
ing at the left, eventually fall at his feet.—
The whole circumference of the circle thus
described is frequently not less than two hun-
dred and fifty yards and upwards, when hurled
by a strong arm; but the wonder lies
wholly in its encircling properties, and not
in the distance to which it may be sent.

When forcibly thrown, its course is very
rapid, equalling the speed of an arrow for
about fifty yards, until it arrives at the point
where it first begins to alter its course; thence
it continues its career at about half-speed, and
so gradually flies with diminishing impetus,
until, as usual, it returns to the spot whence
it started. Its flight is not unlike that of a
bird; and, occasionally, when great strength
has been exerted, it hovers for a few moments
before it falls to the ground, and, continuing
its rotary motion, remains in other respects
quite stationary, much in the same way as a
humming top when it goes to sleep on the
ground. A deep humming sound accompanies
its course; during the whole of which it re-
volves with such rapidity as to appear like a
wheel in the air.

By holding it at the opposite extremity,
so as to bring the flat side on the left hand,
a circle may be described in the other direc-
tion, i. e. from left to right, for the flat must always
be the outer side. But the prettiest evolu-
tion it can be made to perform is the follow-
ing:—It is thrown with a tendency down-
wards; upon which, after having gone some
twenty yards, a point of it tips the ground,
three times successively, at intervals of about
the same distance, rebounding with a sound
like the twang of a harp-string; meanwhile
it still continues its circular course, until, as
before, it returns to the thrower. This feat
is more difficult to accomplish than that of
sending it through the air, and requires all
the thrower's skill; there is one precise dis-
tance, and no other, at which it should first
strike the ground, for if it does so too forc-
ibly, its progress is wholly arrested; and if,
on the other hand, it is not sufficiently de-
pressed and fails to come in contact with the
ground, its course is then completely altered;
for, shortly after passing the place where it
ought to have rebounded, it begins to rise,
and towers up in the air to the height of about
fifty feet, whence it falls down almost per-
pendiculary.

A SIMPLE INVENTION.—The most profitable
inventions have generally been the most
simple, if not the most obvious. What could
be more simple for instance than the balance-
handle knife—the idea of making the handle
heavier than the blade, so that the latter may
not fall upon the table when the knife is laid
horizontally! And yet the English inventor
has made an immense fortune out of his lucky
thought! General Mosely, of Kentucky, is
likely to reap an equally ample pecuniary
harvest from an idea hardly more complex.
It is of an irregular piece of iron, or eccen-
tric lever, no bigger than an ordinary castor
to a table, which forms a perfect window
fastener, by which weights and pulleys may
be entirely dispensed with. The operation
of it is as certain as it is simple, and the
expense of attaching it would be fifteen cents
to a window, instead of three dollars, which
is about the cost of attaching the present ap-
paratus. Gen. Mosely has also received a
large sum for this little contrivance—the
plan of which he whittled out of a block of
wood in about ten minutes.—*Balt. Amr.*

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